



STEWART FIELD  
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

Thursday  
2100

Dearest Dottie,

Hello again, I just finished talking to you. It was so good to hear your voice again, hon. It's only been four days, but it seems like four years since I saw you last. Gee whiz, I can't understand it—I took physics, geometry, & trig in school, and all practical theories say that a minute is a minute, an hour an hour, a week a week, but why are they so ~~unlike~~ different on Saturdays and Sundays? Maybe you have something to do with it. I guess you've that certain little corollary that is the exception to every rule. Ah yes, my little corollary—romantic ain't it? Gosh I love you.



There goes that song, "It  
Could happen to you," sounds like  
Gravel Gentie singing it, but  
it's still nice. I don't know  
why it reminds me of you,  
we must have heard it somewhere.

It was that weekend we  
went to the Rodeo, the 21<sup>st</sup>  
the ~~night~~ you told me you loved  
me. I was riding back to  
the Field in a taxi when I heard  
it, and immediately I thought  
of you, (for a change).

Speaking of that, we  
were having a squadron  
meeting today at the flight  
line, and there was I,  
listening to the major's every  
word, gapin' out the window  
like a lovesick dove.

Noticing how engrossed I  
was (in you) he gently asks  
me what the hell am I  
thinking about. "The weather, sir."  
"Oh the weather, well Mr. Clank,  
maybe you can tell me  
what the visibility is." ~~is~~





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"Visibility? On the visibility, —  
about six miles." (Humm,  
that name again.) How was  
I supposed to know there  
was a fog outside, I thought  
it was me, I'm in a fog all  
the time lately. Very embarrassing.  
Woman, you've drivin' me  
crazy! But I love you, I guess.

I'm glad you told your  
father, Dottie. I'll have to  
talk to him sometime. One  
of these "man-to-man" jobs,  
you know? Maybe I can  
change his mind for him.

Well hon, it's quarter of  
ten I've got to go now.

Give my best to your  
family. I'll see you the  
day after tomorrow, it sounds  
shorter when you say it that



way. I love you and  
miss you darling.

As ever

Ludd  
(J)

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Free!

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